

## Fear and Pleasure

by xInspiredxOptimismx

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians  
Genre: Angst, Romance  
Language: English  
Characters: Hiccup, Pitch  
Status: Completed  
Published: 2013-02-04 18:48:51  
Updated: 2013-02-04 18:48:51  
Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:29:40  
Rating: M  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 1,198  
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net  
Summary: Pitch decides to see just how hand in hand nightmares and pleasure go. ((PitchxHiccup. Smut involved. I really don't know how to label my genre's :I))

## Fear and Pleasure

\*((A PitchxHiccup story. This is for my girlfriend, again xD At least this won't be as bad as the other one I wrote. Well, these stories make her happy. So, it's worth it.))\*\*

The boy was interesting. In all the years the Pitch had been giving him nightmares; his worst fears were strange things. Some of the other children in the village had rational fears. Dragons, spiders, snakes, things like that. But, this boy ... he never feared things like that. Oh, he was scared of dragons here and there, but his fears were different.

He feared failure.

And, failure was a hard thing to manifest in dreams, but Pitch managed. He spent many nights watching the boy toss and turn, afraid of failing his father, his tribe.

And then, the dragon. For a long time it was hard to give him nightmares. He was so happy. But, he was afraid of being caught. And once every couple of nights he could get the boy in that mindset. Fear. Fear being caught. Fear that his father would find out and do away with him. Banish him.

But, what do you know? Everything worked out find for the boy even when he was caught! And now, what did the boy have to fear?

He stood by his bedside late one night. The dragon was off doing something. Probably around with one of the other dragons. Pitch didn't know or care.

He missed the delicious fear that came from the boy. He was laying there so peaceful and so quiet. One arm was outside of the blanket, almost touching the floor. His metal foot was on the floor, having been removed before he shut his eyes. Idly, Pitch kicked it to the side.

He reached out to touch the boy's face. It was part of a test. Did the boy believe? If he didn't, Pitch would go right through him. But ...

He touched a freckled cheek. He took a moment to realize that yes, he had touched the boy. He could touch the boy. So, he believed. Good. The nightmares had gotten to him over the years.

And tonight, there would be no good dreams for him tonight, that was for certain. He watched the lines of dreamsand enter the room.

"Oh, no, no, no. Sandman, my old friend, tonight this one is mine."

A finger touched the yellow sand, and soon darkness took over. The black sand slowly snaked down until it reached the boy. The pleasant smile that spread over his lips - probably a dream about the blonde girl in the village - soon was taken over by a hard frown. He whimpered weakly, and Pitch smirked.

"Yes, that's it." He purred softly. The boy was fighting the nightmare now. A delicious one. One of death. Losing everything. His favorite.

His finger trailed down the boy's cheek. "Poor Hiccup. Are you having a bad dream~? Poor boy. Don't worry~ It won't be over soon. Enjoy it while it lasts."

A wave of his hand, and the dark sand was wrapping around Hiccup's body, up to his arms. They were held down and he couldn't help but smirk and admire his handiwork.

Hiccup's chest was exposed, it seemed he had taken to sleeping without his shirt. Curiosity caused Pitch to pull back the blanket and peek beneath. Hmm, no pants either. The boy slept naked. Interesting. When did that start?

He trailed his hand from the boy's cheek and down his chest. Hiccup's nipples were a bit hard from the cold, and he flicked one delicately. He watched it harden more and uttered a lazy sigh.

His hand went farther down until his fingertips brushed at Hiccup's hips. The boy seemed confused. He was tossing and turning in his sleep, the nightmare coupling with the pleasure he was obviously feeling. This was the kind of thing Pitch enjoyed. He loved the fear and pleasure leaking from him. The confusion driving his body a bit wild. He could see Hiccup's growing erection close to his hand.

He was causing this. And, that lead a delighted and devious smirk to cross his lips. Yes, this was what he wanted. He was going to teach the boy to associate fear with the pleasure he could bring to him. Nightmares lead to orgasms. He wanted Hiccup confused, lost, unsure of what to do. He was going to train this body.

He flicked the head of the swollen member. It twitched with need. "Don't worry, boy. You'll get yours. Just be patient. Just be patient."

He wrapped his long delicate fingers around the hardened rod and began to rub it slowly. Softly. Hiccup was moaning desperately, his eyes fluttering. Was he going to wake up?

Pitch paused his hand, and waiting. Soon, Hiccup calmed and his hand went back to work. The boy squirmed desperately, whimpering and moaning as he did. Time to push things farther.

he moved down onto his knees next to the bed. He could see the tip leaking a bit, and his long tongue trailed across the slit. It was sweet and salty. Hiccup was still whimpering above. He was struggling harder against the sand holding his arms down. But, he didn't wake up.

Pitch's tongue wrapped around the shaft, and pulled the length into his mouth. He looked up as he began to bob his head, watching every reaction Hiccup made. It was so delightful. He was torn between pleasure and fear. A pained look would cross his face followed by a sweet sounding moan.

The faster he worked, the more pleasure came to the boy. The slower, the more nightmares flooded his mind. He was enjoying this experiment. This test to see just how close he could link fear and pleasure.

He purred against the hardened flesh, and it twitched eagerly in his mouth. His tongue trailed along it readily. He knew Hiccup was close. His whole body was overcome with pleasure, Pitch could feel it.

He willed his charge to release, licking and bobbing his head faster.

When the seed filled his mouth, it was sudden, and shocking. He pulled back, a small amount trailing from the tip to his lips. He licked them clean, quite proud.

He looked at Hiccup's face. His eyes were opening, and a quick hand covered his mouth to prevent him from screaming. "Shh, boy. You've had quite a night, you know. I will be paying you more visits. You're my little pet now~ Let me teach you just how much pleasure I can give." A cold smirk fell across his lips. "And how much pain."

Hiccup's eyes were wide and confused as he stared up at the man who held him down. But, he was growing tired. He had no idea what was going on, but, he didn't like it much.

Pitch finally pulled back his hand as the boy drifted back to his nightmares.

"You're mine for now, Hiccup. I'll be back."

\*((I don't know if I will continue this. For now it is listed as complete. It might get a sequel or more chapters later. I'm not sure yet. I'm sure my girlfriend will want more xD))\*

End  
file.